

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

COMPOSED FOR THE CARDIFF MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1907.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

FOR CONTRALTO SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

THE POEM WRITTEN BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Copyright, 1907, by Novello and Company, Limited.

The Right of Public Representation and Performance is reserved.

MADE IN ENGLAND

MANCHESTER, TEL. 6907 CITY.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Or all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His belovèd, sleep'?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the
brows?—
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
creep.

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd, sleep.

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

Aye, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
'He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers
leap,

Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His belovèd, sleep.

And, friends, dear friends,—when it
shall be

That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'